

Night and Morning

For her young anger, envision
a flat, salt place where evening's
the black start of rain.

She bikes at the lighthouse there in

a fury of hair

she'll unburden,

striking him again and again

all breath

and eyes

beneath the swing

of light.

Mud slashing her legs she wheels

back, shattering pud-

dles of tinted clouds. Owning

hearts of peace

and hate and fear and wonder-

ing them to woman.

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The Varieties of Agitation

Cookbooks are like novels, it's
vicarious eating vs.
vicarious lust,

anyway, found a recipe for
strawberry cream
something, asked

my Love to explicate
"fold whipped
cream in"--

for answer she chose
motion that was
pedagogic ah

but pure. She showed
how cream is folded,
undulantly wedded

layer to layer,
berries to en-
croaching cream.

Oh I had mixed and beat before
and kneaded,
really kneaded,

and plunged
in knives that came
out dry. Oh my,

regular Escoffier
of the furious life
where nothing came right

before I
learned to
fold.

From the Car

The sky a January
 recession of grays,
 a black edge-
 wise disc

comprised of birds twists
 full-on to flash-
ing white then streams over

 the river of dark clouds,
 streaming and flashing
 across the crawling road,the
 inching trees,
beside the brilliant actual

 water as God
 in the spiritual

 on the radio
flows by.

F
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F
F The Walk
D
F
F Three night-blooming primroses
F opening together on the instant
F defining yellow,splitting that
F benchmark in my mind
F
F Dand above all of this D
F D fine thought,blonde D
F D loving the blushing telephone. D
F D Of tropic dusk her tan,her hair D
F
F Dbecoming lamplight. One brown hand D
F D twirls the rosy chord. D
F D Laughter devours the moment. D
F
F DBut,then,a scarlet strain along the throat. D
F D The twirling slows and stops. D
F DAnd she,for all loveliness,wants. D
F
F
F
F In the prim morning you can
F pick the dead blooms off all right,
F the window's blind thrust at light.
F
F But evening D's D
F the beauty of
F instants
F
F (as when a she once arrowed,tight-lipped,hooded,
F through some ancient wood,
F lush moon smashed in twisted trees above)
F

FĐ or another overflows the light with hunger.Đ
F
FIt is when
Flife can be
F
Fbriefly of a color of a portion of eternity: a music
Fbright and dark and urgent beating
F
Fprimroseprimroseprimroseprimroseprimroseprimrose.
F

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Carcinogenic Blues
G
GIn my mother's womb
G I married death
G they say
Gparticles sped by
G
G air got her
G & are getting me,
Gbenign, overweight I
G am being
G
Groundly poisoned, my
Gvery language too
Gengorged with the burlesque

Gpatter of propositions

G

G to any & all

Gsurvivors. I had thought

G to play it out

G

Gfitfully, a last speech

Gflaunting fine things.

G

GWrong on all counts & move right

Galong says the chemical cop.

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F -20-

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